

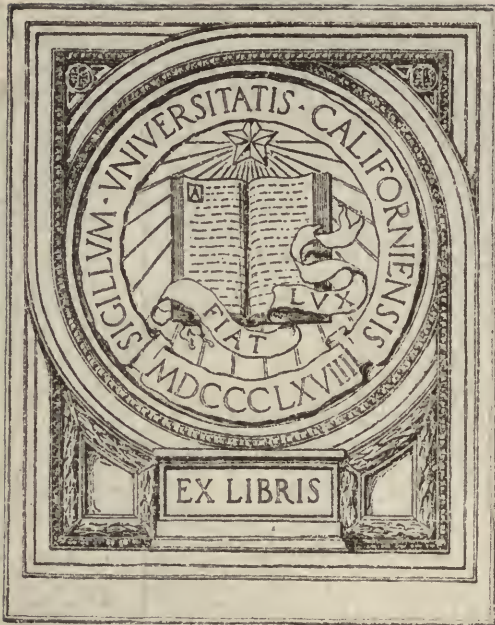
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OF

At the age of seventeen, Fremont attracted public notice by the following circumstance:—A great law-suit was pending in the Supreme Court of South Carolina for the disputed possession of an estate. Boundaries were required to be established by fixing astronomically certain governing points. It was a work that required knowledge and skill. Moreover, it was not unattended with danger, as at that season (the autumn) the rice-fields, where the estate lay, are exceedingly pestiferous to the white race. The public surveyors would not undertake it. The term was approaching for the trial, and the parties who claimed the estate were in great anxiety. At this crisis the young Fremont volunteered to fix the boundaries, which he executed with a skill and promptitude that gained him the applause of the high court. This incident fixed his character in his native state, and he was soon after employed as an engineer on the great railroad running west from Charleston to the Ohio River.

Mr. Poinsett was at this time Secretary-at-War to President General Jackson. Mr. Nicollet, a member of the French National Institute, was then engaged in his great hydrographic survey of the basin of the Mississippi River. He needed an associate. Mr. Poinsett recommended the young Fremont, who went and was employed for two years in a survey of the Upper Mississippi. Prostrated with his severe labours and exposure, Mr. Nicollet returned to Washington, dying. Fremont completed the hydrographic map of the Upper Mississippi as far north as 49° —the latitude of the British possessions. Mr. Nicollet left only a fragment of his geographical and astronomical labours, in which he spoke in the most exalted terms of his assistant, Fremont.

During this survey General Jackson was President of the United States. It was not an uncommon thing for "Old Hickory" (as he was familiarly called by the people), on hearing of any meritorious deed performed by a young man, to offer him a commission in the army. The fame of Fremont had reached him; and the consequence was the tender of a commission to the young South Carolinian, which was accepted. This commission was in the corps of Topographical Engineers—a scientific corps, and that which holds the highest rank in the American army. Fremont justly considered it a great honour to be chosen to this arm of the service, the more so as the road to it usually lies through the Military College of West Point. It was, then, a high tribute to his merits to be thus appointed.

Instead of seeking a *comfortable berth*, by being employed on some survey in the settled and cultivated parts of the country, where he might enjoy the luxuries of society and civilisation, he now struck out a new path, in which he would be completely cut off from all these privileges. He selected as his theatre the vast and unknown region between the Mississippi River and the waters of the Pacific Ocean. He asked and obtained orders from his government to make his first expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1842.

In the spring of that year, with a well-chosen band of *voyageurs* and hunters, he set out from the western frontier of Missouri, to explore the great wilderness. It would require volumes to detail the many picturesque incidents of this expedition, as well as the various hard-

ships and dangers to which the small but adventurous party were exposed. The following description of a buffalo hunt, from Fremont's journal, may give some idea of life on the prairies:—

“As we were riding quietly along the bank, a grand herd of buffalos, some seven or eight hundred in number, came crowding up from the river, where they had been to drink, and commenced crossing the plain slowly, eating as they went. The wind was favourable, the coolness of the morning invited to exercise; the ground was apparently good; and the distance across the prairie (two or three miles) gave us fine opportunity to charge them before they could get among the river hills.

“It was too fine a prospect for a chase to be lost, and halting for a few moments the hunters were brought up and saddled. Kit Curson, Maxwell, and I started together. They were now somewhat less than half a mile distant, and we rode easily along until within about three hundred yards, when a sudden agitation, a wavering in the band, and a galloping to and fro of some which were scattered along the skirts, gave us the intimation that we were discovered. We started together at a hand gallop, riding steadily abreast of each other, and here the interest of the chase became so engrossingly intense that we were sensible of nothing else. We were now closing on them rapidly, and the front of the mass was already in motion for the hills, and in a few seconds the movement had communicated itself to the whole herd.

“A crowd of bulls, as usual, brought up the rear, and every now and then some of them faced about, and then dashed after the band a short distance, and then turned and looked again, as if more than half inclined to stand and fight. In a few moments, however, during which we had been quickening our pace, the rout was universal, and we were going over the ground like a hurricane, when, at about thirty yards we gave the usual shout (the hunter's *pas de charge*) and broke into the herd. We entered on the side, the mass giving way in every direction in their heedless course.

“Many of the bulls, less active and less fleet than the cows, paying no attention to the ground, and occupied solely with the hunter, were precipitated to the earth with great force, rolling over and over with the

violence of the shock, and hardly distinguishable in the dust.

"We separated on entering, each singling out his game. My horse was a trained hunter, celebrated in the West under the name of Provean, and with his eyes flashing and the foam flying from his mouth, he dashed on after the cow like a tiger. In a few moments he brought me alongside of her, and rising in the stirrups, I fired at the distance of a yard, the ball entering at the termination of the long hair and passing near the heart. She fell headlong at the report of my gun; and checking my horse, I looked around for my companions. At a little distance Kit was on the ground engaged in tying his horse to the horns of a cow that he was preparing to cut up. Among the scattered bands at some distance below I caught a glimpse of Maxwell; and while I was looking a light wreath of white smoke curled away from his gun, from which I was too far to hear the report. Nearer, and between me and the hills, toward which they were directing their course, was the body of the herd, and giving my horse the rein, we dashed after them. A thick cloud of dust hung upon their rear, which filled my mouth and eyes, and nearly smothered me. In the midst of this I could see nothing, and the buffalos were not distinguishable until within thirty feet. They crowded together more densely still as I came upon them, and rushed along in such a compact body that I could not obtain an entrance—the horse almost leaping upon them. In a few moments the mass divided right and left—the horns clattering with a noise heard above everything else—and my horse darted into the opening. Five or six bulls charged upon us as we dashed along the line, but were left far behind; and singling out a cow I gave her my fire, but struck too high. She gave a tremendous leap, and scoured on swifter than before. I reined up my horse, and the band swept on like a torrent, and left the place quiet and clear."

A few days after this hunt—

"While we were at breakfast, a buffalo calf broke through the camp, followed by wolves. In its fright it had probably mistaken us for a band of buffalos. The wolves were obliged to make a circuit around the camp, so that the calf got a little the start, and strained every nerve to reach a large herd at the foot of the hills, about

two miles distant; but first one and then another and another wolf joined the chase, until his pursuers amounted to twenty or thirty, and they ran him down before he could reach his friends. There were a few bulls near the place, and one of them attacked the wolves and tried to rescue him, but was driven off immediately; and the little animal fell an easy prey, and was half devoured before he was dead. We watched the chase with the interest always felt for the weak; and had there been a saddled horse at hand he would have fared better."

The incidents that occurred to our traveller and his companions were not always of this character. They, too, had their enemies, as fierce and savage as the wolves themselves. They were now in the country of the treacherous Indian:—

"Journeying along, we came suddenly upon a place where the ground was covered with horses' tracks which had been made since the rain, and indicated the immediate presence of Indians in our neighbourhood. The buffalos, too, which the day before were numerous, were now nowhere in sight—another indication that there were people near. Riding on we discovered the carcass of a buffalo recently killed—perhaps the day before. We scanned the horizon carefully with the glass, but no living object was to be seen. For the next mile or two the ground was dotted with buffalo carcasses, which showed that the Indians had made a 'surround' here, and were in considerable force. We went on quickly and cautiously, keeping the river bottom, but we met with no interruption, and began to grow careless again. We had already lost one of our horses, and here Basil's mule began to show symptoms of giving out, and finally refused to advance, being what the Canadians call *resté*. He therefore dismounted, and drove her along before him; but this was a very slow way of travelling, We had inadvertently got about half a mile in advance. but our Cheyennes, who were generally a mile or two in the rear, remained with him. There were some dark-looking objects on the hills, about a mile or two to the left, which we had seen for a time, and supposed to be buffalos coming in to water; but happening to look behind, Maxwell saw the Cheyennes whipping up furiously, and another glance at the dark objects

showed them at once to be Indians coming up at speed.

"Had we been well mounted, and disencumbered of instruments, we might have set them at defiance; but as it was we were fairly caught. It was too late to rejoin our friends, and we endeavoured to gain a clump of timber half a mile ahead; but the instruments and the tired state of our horses did not allow us to go faster than a steady canter, and they were fast gaining upon us. At first they did not appear to be more than fifteen or twenty in number, but group after group darted into view at the top of the hills, until all the little eminences seemed in motion; and a few minutes from the time they were first discovered two or three hundred, naked to the breechcloth, were sweeping across the prairie. In a few hundred yards we discovered that the timber we were endeavouring to reach was on the opposite side of the river; and before we could gain the bank the Indians were upon us.

"I am inclined to think that in a few seconds more the leading man, and perhaps some of his companions, would have rolled in the dust—for we had jerked the covers from our guns, and our fingers were on the triggers—men in such cases usually act from instinct, and a charge from three hundred naked savages is a circumstance not well calculated to promote a cool exercise of judgment; but just as he was about to fire, Maxwell recognised the leading Indian, and shouted to him in the Indian language, 'Don't you know me?' The sound of his own language seemed to shock the savage, and swerving his horse a little, he passed us like an arrow. He wheeled as I rode out towards him, and gave me his hand, striking his breast and exclaiming, 'Arapaho!' They proved to be a village of that nation among whom Maxwell had resided a year or two as a trader, and recognised him accordingly. We were soon in the midst of the band, and the women now came galloping up, astride on their horses, and naked from their knees down, and the hips up. The band commenced asking us many questions, the first of which was who our Indian companions were that were coming up in our rear. They seemed disappointed to learn they were Cheyennes, for they had fully anticipated a grand dance round a Pawnee scalp that night."

X At Fort Laramie Colonel Fremont was invited to a

feast of honour given by a chief of the Sioux, which invitation he could not well decline, as that would have been considered a great insult. It is thus described:—

“ We took our seats on buffalo robes that were spread around the tent. The *dog* was in a large pot over the fire, in the middle of the lodge, and immediately on our arrival was dished up in large wooden bowls, one of which was handed to each. The flesh appeared very glutinous, with something of the flavour and appearance of mutton. Feeling something move behind me, I looked round, and found that I had taken my seat among a litter of fat young puppies. Had I been nice in such matters, the prejudices of civilisation might have interfered with my tranquillity; but fortunately I am not of delicate nerves, and continued quietly to empty my platter.”

At Fort Laramie Colonel Fremont was still three hundred miles distant from the point of his destination, which was to enter the South Pass in the Rocky Mountains, and to survey this great gateway leading to the Oregon territory. The reports which came in daily to the fort, brought by trappers and Indians, represented the country through which he must travel as exceedingly dangerous. The Cheyennes and Sioux had for several years back been growing more hostile to the whites. They had attacked a strong party upon the Snake River under a Mr. Frapp, of St. Louis. This party consisted of sixty men, and after a desperate fight, in which Frapp and four or five others were killed, succeeded in making their escape. On this occasion a great many Indians fell under the rifles of Frapp's men, and some of them were relations of the more powerful chiefs. This had exasperated the Indians still more, and two small parties of trappers had been cut off by the Sioux during the spring—one on their return from the Crow nation, and the other among the Black Hills, not far from Fort Laramie. Moreover a band of eight hundred braves, composed of Gros Ventres, Oglallah Sioux, and Cheyennes, had set out upon the road that Fremont and his party were to pass; their object being to attack an encampment of Crows and Snake Indians, who, with about one hundred white trappers, were supposed to be encamped near the pass, on the Sweet Water River. The chief of these, who had lost some relations in the encounter with Frapp's men, had sworn to kill the first whites he should

fall in with. Even the old men, chiefs, who were encamped at the fort advised Fremont not to go forward, as they could not offer him any protection against their young men, who, they said, were "eager to avenge the blood of their relations which had been shed by the whites." Many of the men in Fremont's party began to murmur, believing that they were about to be led to certain death. They were only twenty-two in all, and any party of hostile Indians they would be likely to meet with on this route would far exceed that number.

Fremont, however, nothing discouraged, determined to advance and carry out the orders of his Government, even if but three men stuck to him; and although his whole party were bound by a military enrolment to accompany him, he resolved upon making it with one and all a voluntary act. He therefore called his men together, and after setting forth the dangers they would be likely to meet on their route, gave anyone leave who wished it, to return home again. To their credit be it spoken, only one man "showed the white feather," and Fremont with the others commenced their march for the South Pass.

Fortunately the army of hostile Indians that had preceded them was broken up, and on account of the sterility of the country, had struck into a southern trail to return to Fort Laramie. A small party of these that were met near the "Three Buttes," gave a most distressing account of the country ahead, stating that there was no game to be found, and that their comrades had been obliged to leave the trail on that account, having thrown away their lodges and eaten many of their horses. Bisonette, a guide procured at Fort Laramie, here advised Fremont to return, telling him that it would be impossible for him to proceed. Fremont again called his men around him, and gave any of them leave who might wish to go back to Fort Laramie; but all refused, saying "We will eat our mules rather than back out now." The party then moved onward, and after a toilsome march of many days arrived in the Great Pass. Here Fremont completed his survey, and after climbing to the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains (which rises north of the pass in the Wind River chain to the height of 13,570 feet), commenced his return homeward, and arrived in Washington on the 29th of October, having been less than five months engaged on his important

survey. The report of his expedition was laid before Congress, and met with the approbation of that body, as well as great applause throughout the country. The result was that another expedition, to be conducted by Fremont, was planned for the ensuing season. This was upon a more extensive scale. The first had carried the young explorer only to the Rocky Mountains; this one was intended to go beyond, and connect that survey with the waters of the Pacific Ocean in the vast territory of Oregon, as yet but little known to the scientific world.

Collecting a band of between thirty and forty men, many of them his old *compagnons du voyage*, Colonel Fremont again set out in the spring of 1843, and crossing the prairies, he entered the South Pass and descended the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. Part of his instructions was to examine the Great Salt Lake—a vast interior sea, that was supposed to lie in the western wilderness, and about which the accounts of trappers and travellers were still only vague, and in many cases miraculous and absurd. It had been reported that vast rivers emptied their waters into this lake, and that whirlpools existed where the surplus water was carried into the bowels of the earth, as it was known that no river ran out of it. There were stories of islands peopled with giants, and rumours of hostile tribes along the neighbouring shores. It was desirable, then, that science should shed its light upon this section of country, and show whether the neighbourhood of the Great Salt Lake was a worthless desert, as it had been represented by some, or whether it might not become a valuable spot for the abode of civilised man. Striking to the south of the Oregon trail, Fremont followed down the Bear River and reached the lake, which extended southward farther than the eye could reach. He found it dotted with a series of elevated islands, many of them thousands of feet high. Bold peninsulas also ran in upon different sides. He visited one of the islands, having reached it after a perilous voyage in a small India-rubber boat, which he had taken with him for the purpose.

From the Salt Lake our traveller continued his survey down the Columbia River as far as Fort Vancouver, thus connecting with the surveys of Captain Charles

Wilkes' Pacific exploring expedition. He had now fulfilled the specific orders of his government, and it was optional with him to return home by the direct route, or go into winter quarters, but neither plan suited the enterprising spirit of our traveller. He was determined to find out—if such existed—a better road leading from the Pacific to the country east of the Rocky Mountains; and in his course to explore Great Thamath Lake and the fabled river called Buonaventura. It was his intention, moreover, to examine that country in the Rocky Mountains where the Arkansas takes its rise, and then re-cross the prairies to the United States. This was all to be accomplished in spite of the winter season that was now setting in.

Having re-organised his party at the Dalles of the Columbia River—in all twenty-five men, and of almost as many different nations—he re-commenced his scientific explorations, striking directly southward. He reached the Thamath Lake, and examined it, and passed on in a zigzag course, the only one that could be followed over these desert wastes and precipitous mountains. Travelling in this way for three months, and encountering unheard-of obstacles in the deep snows of the mountains, without a guide, and compelled to sleep, night after night, upon the frozen or wet ground, Fremont and his party found themselves at length at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Mountains of California. They had made a thousand miles since their last halting-point at the Dalles. Their provisions were nearly exhausted, and their animals worn by fatigue, and it would have been madness to have attempted, in this state, to cross the continent eastward; Fremont therefore resolved to cross the great range of the Snowy Mountains, and, if possible, reach the settlements in California. The Indians on the eastern side used every argument to prevent him, telling him that they could never accomplish it in the winter season, and that he, with all his party, would certainly be frozen to death. The attempt, however, was made, and succeeded, but the enterprising leader and his band passed through unheard-of hardships and exposure. In the month of March, 1844, they reached the fort of Captain Sutter on the Sacramento, since so celebrated as the first scene of the gold-digging operations in California: Fremont

remained here but a few days, during which time he surveyed the whole of that region which is now the El Dorado of the world.

Furnishing himself with a new outfit of horses and provisions, the indefatigable traveller renewed his route, and striking southward, he passed the Snowy Mountains, and then bore in a north-easterly course along the rim of the Great Basin—that interior wilderness whose existence he himself first established, and whose contents he afterwards scientifically explored.

In this route they were obliged to pass through the country of Pah Utahs and Utahs, both tribes of hostile Indians, who had just committed several murders upon the people of a Mexican caravan. Two of these Mexicans were rescued by Fremont's party, and carried to the United States. One of his best men was killed by the Utahs near the desert. The circumstance is thus recorded.

“I had been engaged in arranging plants; and, fatigued with the heat of the day, I fell asleep in the afternoon, and did not awake until near sundown. Presently Carson came to me and reported that Tabeau (who early in the day had left his post, and without my knowledge rode back to the camp we had left in search of a mule) had not returned. While we were speaking, a smoke rose suddenly from the cottonwood grove below, which plainly told us what had befallen him; it was raised to inform the surrounding Indians that a blow had been struck, and to tell them to be on their guard. Carson, with several men well mounted, was instantly sent down the river, but returned in the night without tidings of the missing man. They went to the camp we had left, but neither he nor the mule were there. Searching down the river they found the tracks of the mule, evidently driven along by Indians, whose tracks were on each side of those made by the animal. After going several miles they came to the mule itself, standing in some bushes, mortally wounded in the side by an arrow, and left to die that it might be afterwards butchered for food. They also found, in another place, as they were hunting about on the ground for Tabeau's track, something that looked like a little puddle of blood, but which the darkness prevented them from verifying. With these details they returned to our camp, and their

report saddened all our hearts. In the morning, as soon as there was light enough to follow tracks, I set out myself with Mr. Fitzpatrick and several men in search of the missing man. We went to the spot where the appearance of puddled blood had been seen, and this we saw at once had been the place where he fell and died; blood upon the leaves and broken-down bushes showed that he had got his wound about twenty paces from where he fell, and that he had struggled for his life. He had probably been shot through the lungs with an arrow. From the place where he lay and bled it could be seen that he had been dragged to the river bank and thrown into it. No vestiges of what had belonged to him could be found, except a fragment of his horse equipment. Horse, gun, clothes—all became the prey of these Arabs of the new world."

Amidst such dangers as these did our explorer follow his scientific pursuits.

After three months spent in crossing the western desert, having explored the Utah Lake and the southern rim of the Great Basin, Fremont once more ascended the Rocky Mountains near the headwaters of the Arkansas. Here he was compelled to run the gauntlet of the treacherous Arapahoes, from whom he and his party only escaped by judicious management. In the mountain valley known as the "South Park," the adventurers passed a large band of Arapahoes and Utahs engaged in a desperate battle. The circumstance is thus recorded:—He had scarcely halted when a large party of Utah women came galloping up, who informed us that on the other side of the ridge their village was fighting the Arapahoes. As soon as they gave us this information they filled the air with cries and lamentations, which made us understand that some of their chiefs had been killed. The Utahs, however, although the attacked party, according to the report of the women, were getting the best of the day. The women pressed us eagerly to join with their people, and would immediately have provided us with the best horses at their village, but it was not for us to interfere in such a conflict. Neither party were our friends, or under our protection; and each was ready to prey upon us that could. But we could not help feeling an unusual excitement at being within a few hundred yards of a fight in which five hundred men

were closely engaged, and hearing the sharp cracks of their rifles."

Having determined the head waters of the Arkansas as well as the Platte and other rivers, Fremont once more crossed the prairies, and arriving at Washington rendered his report to Government. Like the other, it was received with much approbation, and a third expedition, still more extensive, was fitted out to explore the western wilderness.

At the head of this, Colonel Fremont once more took his departure from civilised life in the spring of 1845; and entering the Great Basin succeeded after incredible hardships, sufferings, and perils, in laying down its principal features upon a map. Leaving the basin in the beginning of 1846, his plans led him into Alta California, then a Mexican possession, and into the neighbourhood of its capital, Monterey.

There he applied for, and obtained, leave from the Mexican authorities to continue his explorations, which he assured them were altogether of a scientific character; but a short time afterwards he was ordered to quit the country, and a force of several hundred men was raised by General Castro to drive him out. As this was contrary to the assurance given, Fremont determined to remain, and entrenching himself on a hill, raised the American flag, resolved to hold out with his little band of voyagers—in all only sixty men. The Mexican army did not make its appearance, and as war had not yet commenced between the United States and Mexico, Fremont unwilling to compromise his country, withdrew his band from the Californian territory and marched northward for Oregon.

On Lake Thamath he was overtaken by an agent of the United States' Government, who brought him orders to return to California and use his influence with the Californian people to render them friendly to the United States. A circumstance occurring at this period on the Thamath Lake may illustrate the dangers under which Fremont conducted his scientific labours. It is thus described in a speech delivered by Senator Benton in the Senate of the United States:—

"The camping ground was on the western side of the lake, the horses picketed with long halters on its shore to feed on the grass, and the men (fourteen in num-

ber) sleeping by threes at different fires, for though in May, the elevation of the place and the proximity of snow-clad mountains made the night intensely cold. His feelings joyfully excited by hearing from home (the first word of intelligence he had received from the United States for a year before), Mr. Fremont sat up by a large fire reading over his letters and papers, and watching over the safety of the camp while his men slept. Towards midnight he heard a movement among the horses, indicative of alarm and some danger. Horses, and especially mules, become extremely sensitive to danger after long travelling and camping in the wilderness, and manifest their alarm at the approach of anything strange. Taking a six-barrelled pistol in his hand, and without waking the camp, he went down among them. The moon shone brightly—he could see nothing. Encouraged by his presence the horses became quiet—poor dumb creatures that could not tell what they had seen—and he returned to the camp, supposing it was only some beast of the forest—some wolf or bear prowling for food, that had disturbed them.

“He returned to the camp-fire. Lieut. Gillespie woke up, talked with him awhile, and then laid down again. Finally, nature had her course with Mr. Fremont himself. Excited spirits gave way to exhausted strength. The day's ride and the night's excitement demanded the reparation of repose. He laid down to sleep, and without waking up a man to watch, relying upon the loneliness of the place and the long ride of the day as a security against the proximity of danger. It was the second time in his 20,000 miles of wilderness explorations that his camp had slept without a guard; the first was in the second expedition, and on an island in the Great Salt Lake, when the surrounding waters of the lake itself constituted a guard. The whole camp was then asleep. A cry from Carson roused it. In his sleep he heard a groan. It was the groan of a man receiving the tomahawk in his brains. All sprang to their feet. The savages were in the camp. The hatchet and the winged arrow were at work. Basil Lajennesse, a brave and faithful young Frenchman, the follower of Fremont in all his expeditions, was dead; an Iowa was dead; a brave Delaware Indian, one of those who had accompanied Mr. Fremont from Missouri, was dying. Another Delaware

was a target for arrows, from which no rifle could save him—could only avenge him. All advantages were on the side of the savages, but the camp was saved; the wounded protected from massacre; and the dead from mutilation.”

Returning to California, he found the Californians preparing to drive out the American settlers who had located themselves in that territory. These in their turn had raised their flag, bearing the “grizzly bear,” for its emblem, and immediately applied to Fremont to take the command, to which application he willingly acceded. A battalion of 500 men was speedily raised, and co-operating with the United States’ naval forces along the coast, the conquest of California was completed in a few weeks, and Colonel Fremont was appointed by Commodore Stockton, the senior American authority in the country, civil and military governor of the territory.

At this time General Kearney arrived from the United States, bringing along with him powers of government. A dispute arose between the latter and Captain Stockton in regard to rank; and Colonel Fremont, yielding to his conviction, decided on obeying the orders of him who had been instrumental in aiding him to conquer the country. The result was a charge, made by General Kearney, who was his senior in rank, for mutiny and disobedience of orders, and upon this charge he returned to Washington to stand his trial. He was convicted of the charge, but immediately pardoned by the President. This pardon he refused to accept, believing himself aggrieved; and resigning his commission as lieutenant-colonel in the rifle regiment, he made preparations once more to carry out his plans of a complete exploration of the vast countries between the Mississippi and the Pacific.

He was now no longer in the service of the government, and fitting out an expedition of one hundred and thirty-six mules, and thirty-three heroic men—many of them his old comrades—he once more crossed the prairies, and passed over the Northern Andes upon the head waters of the Rio Grande. It was now the season of winter, and determined not to lose time, he pressed onwards toward the Great Basin; but being led by a guide who deceived him in regard to the route, he and his brave comrades became “storm steed” in a mountain

chain near the head of the Del Norte. Neither pen nor pencil could depict the sufferings of these heroic men. Their mules all died in a single night with the extreme cold. Their provisions were lost in the snow; some of the men were frozen to death, others became deranged; some fell into great pits, and were smothered; Fremont himself, with one or two of his best men, penetrated the mountains back to the Rio Grande, and reached the settlements in safety. Being here furnished with fresh horses and provisions, he returned to rescue the remainder of his party, but out of the thirty-three, twenty-two only were found alive; eleven had perished, and become food for the suffering survivors!

He reached the Santa Fé, and instead of yielding to this severe disaster, the intrepid man set about organising a new expedition to the Pacific. Funds were furnished him, and in a short time he crossed the mountains farther south, and during the next summer reached the settlements in California.

The vast amount of danger and suffering that this traveller experienced cannot be easily conceived. When we take into consideration that during his four expeditions he travelled over a distance of nearly twenty thousand miles, much of it new and wilderness country, among hostile tribes of Indians; fording deep and rapid rivers, and scaling icy cliffs, and during all this time sleeping night after night in the open air, and often upon wet and frozen ground; compelled at times to eat unwholesome and disgusting food, and drink the most loathsome draughts,—we shall gain some idea of what men will do in pursuit of a science that they love. But the labours of Colonel Fremont have not gone unrewarded. The most romantic part of his history is yet to come. On reaching California in 1849 he found wealth and honours waiting for him. On a tract of land lying along the Mariposa River, which he had purchased after the conquest of California, he discovered a vein of solid gold stretching for two miles; and town lots in San Francisco that he had bought at the same time for a few dollars were now yielding him a rental of seventy-five thousand dollars. The mission of San Gabriel, which he had purchased for a few hundred dollars, had become of immense value. He was now a *millionaire*, and, as if by magic, public honours waited on him. The governor-

ship of the New State of California was offered to him, which he declined, because it would interfere with his scientific works to be published in the United States. He was then offered a seat in the United States' Senate, which he accepted, as this would enable him to return and attend to his plans of publication; and at this moment he is filling that high office. There is still one incident that remains to be told, illustrating his conduct to his devoted followers, who had braved every danger for him and with him. He would not have had such followers had he not been a man to share his gold with them. Did he divide his mine with them? No; he gave it to them, and they divided it with him! His comrades all became rich as well as himself!

The attention of the Reader is referred to the next page.

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PAINTING.

COLONEL FREMONT AND PARTY ON THE PLAINS,

About fourteen miles west of Independence, Missouri. Col. F. can be easily recognised by his military dress, in the act of bidding adieu to M. Chouteau, an eminent merchant of St. Louis, who accompanied Col. Fremont some fourteen miles on his route until he met an Indian, whom he had engaged to conduct the party the first thirty or forty miles. Upon arriving at this point the guide was to consign Col. Fremont and party to the ocean of prairie which stretches almost uninterruptedly to the base of the Rocky Mountains. The party are supplied with all necessary provisions for a long and tedious journey—waggons, pack-horses, oxen, &c. It was on a Friday they started,—a circumstance which his men did not fail to remember and recal often during the hardships and vexations of their tedious journey.

A WOLF HUNT.

The State of Missouri paying a premium on wolf-scalps, a strong inducement is held out to the hardy Western people to engage in hunting these animals. By this method they are fast being driven towards the borders of the Pacific.

A DEER HUNT

Is a favourite sport at the West, affording both profit and amusement, although at times accompanied with some danger.

To avoid the sameness of scenery, we now leave the prairies and enter upon the *Upper Missouri*, striking the river some seven hundred miles above St. Louis.

THE STEAMER FREMONT,

Bearing supplies to some of the upper military stations, is seen winding her way among snags and sawyers. The Upper Missouri is different from any other river in the world, and is beautifully described by writers and travellers. Its waters are boiling and turbid, and sweep off in one unceasing current. The rich alluvial soil of its banks is continually washing in, giving the waters the colour of mixed chocolate or coffee.

Mr. Catlin, in his work on the Missouri, says, "The bluffs or banks consist of immense masses of clay, of different colours, alternating from red to yellow, white, brown, and even dark blue. For miles, as you glide along, you have one continued appearance of some ancient and boundless city in ruins: ramparts, terraces, domes, towers, citadels, and castles, cupolas and magnificent porticos; and here and there a solitary column and crumbling pedestal, and even spires of clay, which stand alone. Over and through these groups of domes and battlements (as one is compelled to imagine them), the sun sends its long and gilding rays at morn or in the evening, giving light and life by aid of shadows cast to the different glowing colours of these clay-built ruins, shedding a glory over the solitude of this wild and pictured country which no one can realise without travelling here and looking upon it." The eye is occasionally relieved by green and carpeted shores, and mighty forests of the stately cottonwood, which overhang the stream. Buffalos, elks, antelopes, wolves, and mountain sheep are found in abundance.

YELLOW STONE RIVER,

Showing its clay bluffs, which are of the same formation as those on the Missouri, which rise in most fantastic forms.

SQUARE HILLS OF CLAY,

Two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet high, consisting of horizontal layers of different colours. Some unaccountable gore of water has swept away the intervening earth. The summit level of all this great valley has no doubt at some time been where the level of the tops of these hills now are.

MOUTH OF THE RIVER PLATTE.

This is now the site of a flourishing town, where many emigrants are fitted out with waggons, cattle, stores, &c. The Platte flows in from the Rocky Mountains, and unites with the Missouri at this point. The Indians, who are remarkably appropriate in giving names, call it the "Nebraska," or Shallow River—its bed being very shallow.

WOLVES HUNTING HORSES.

We return to the plains, and see a pack of wolves hunting in company. They follow herds of buffalos and wild horses, and scent out a sick or lame animal, and run him down. The cry of a pack of wolves is peculiar; one will set up a long, shrill whine, three or four will join, and in a few minutes after the whole pack will utter a sort of yelp, which gives one the idea of a half laugh, or singing chorus.

HERD OF DEER,

Making their way out of the prairie, which they have discovered to be on fire at a distance. The Indians burn prairies for three purposes—1st. To destroy the vines that impede their progress; 2nd. To procure a fresh crop of grass; 3rd. To drive game to a certain point, where it may be captured.

A PARTY OF EMIGRANTS,

Crossing the prairies, are in great danger of being consumed. Fortunately they meet a trapper, who shows them the way of escaping from all such disasters.

A PARTY OF SIOUX INDIANS,

Stationed on a bluff, witnessing the progress of the devouring element.

ISOLATED PEAK.

These peaks are often seen on the Upper Prairies, and lend a cheering appearance to the traveller.

DESTROYING GAME.

Showing one of the many modes of destroying that valuable animal, the buffalo, by wholesale butchery. Parties of Indians set fire to the prairies at different points; the poor animals are driven to a gorge, or ravine, where are stationed another party of Indians, to shoot them down, or urge them over an immense precipice, where the fall is certain death.

DESOLATE VALLEY,

Near the Platte, as seen by day-break; one of the dreariest scenes on the route, and a favourite haunt for bears and mountain sheep.

GOTHAM HOLE,

So called by the trappers. The pass into the hole is about one mile wide; and the hills imitate, in an extraordinary manner, a massive fortified place. Along the whole line of the parapets appear domes and minarets, forty or fifty feet high. The rock is marl and earthy limestone, without the least appearance of vegetation.

INDIAN DISTURBING A PACK OF BEARS.

CHIMNEY ROCK,

An isolated peak on the north fork of the Platte. Its height now is about two hundred feet. Travellers who visited it some years since traced its height to upwards of seven hundred feet; but the rains are annually diminishing it. This rock can be seen at a distance of 30 miles, and looks like some monstrous chimney, or shot tower. At this point some of Colonel Fremont's men wished to turn back, on account of the scarcity of provisions, but were urged to proceed.

FORT LARAMIE.

This fort is situated a distance of 921 miles from St. Louis, on the left bank of the Laronne River, and belongs to the American Fur Company. It is a quadrangular structure, built of unburnt bricks, after the Mexican fashion, who are generally employed in building

them. The walls are about fifteen feet high, surmounted with a wooden palisade, and form a portion of a range of houses which entirely surrounds a yard, about one hundred and thirty feet square. The company trade with the Indians for buffalo robes and furs, giving in exchange rifles, powder, blankets, trinkets, &c.; the introduction of spirituous liquors being prohibited.

BLACK HILLS,

Estimated to be six thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. Near these are found a variety of springs, hot, cold, sulphur, and alkali; some of the waters, although palatable, very poisonous, and the summits are clad with pines. The geological formation and the appearance of the country changes. As you pass to the westward of the fort, the region is sandy, and appears sterile. The artemisia and other odoriferous plants grow in abundance over the hills and river bottoms. The air is strongly impregnated with camphor and spirits of turpentine, which belong to this plant. The climate is found very favourable to the restoration of health, particularly in cases of consumption. Possibly, the respiration of air so highly impregnated with aromatic plants may have some influence.

HERD OF BUFFALOS

Quieting down for the night. It is a grand sight to see one of these herds on a moonlight night. The Indians, whose chief living is made by hunting, will often follow for hours to await the halt of a herd for the night, then springing among them by surprise, will capture hundreds by the expert use of the arrow and lance. Nor is it surprising that these animals are fast disappearing from our territory when we look on the following statement, which is said to be the annual amount purchased by the different fur companies, viz:—The American Fur Company, 70,000; Hudson's Bay Company, 10,000; and others, 10,000; making the immense number of 90,000 robes. Like the Indians themselves, the buffalos are fast disappearing from the country.

INDIAN WATCH FIRE.

The Indians, having declared war, are telegraphing that an enemy is approaching.

INDIAN WAR PATH,

Or scouting party, on their way to attack some neighbouring tribe by moonlight.

INDIAN VILLAGE AND COUNCIL.

Previous to going to battle the chiefs form a council, and debate over the manner of attack and defence.

INDIAN BATTLE BETWEEN THE SNAKES AND SIOUX.

During the battle the women and children are left behind, under the care of a few trusty warriors. On the return of the party, when victorious, the women and children go forward to meet their tribe with loud shouts and grotesque signals; but if their party has been defeated, the scene is changed to cries and lamentations.

HOT SPRING GATE—

An opening or gorge through which the Platte flows with a quiet current. At a distance it looks like an enormous gateway. The rocks are nearly vertical, and composed of calcareous sandstone, between three and four hundred feet high. Many hot springs of water are here found, some being so hot as to burn the hand when immersed.

PARTY OF EMIGRANTS CROSSING THE PLATTE RIVER,

On their way to settlements in Oregon.

BEAVER RIVER,

One of the tributaries of the Sweet Water River. On this stream are found numbers of beavers' dams and huts. These animals may be said to be one of the most industrious classes of the Western country. They build their own dams and houses, and procure

food during the summer months to keep them during the winter. They are hunted much by Indians for their valuable furs.

ROCK INDEPENDENCE,

An isolated granite rock, entirely bare, and inscribed with the names of many travellers, trappers, and missionaries. Among the first who visited this rock was Sir William Drummond Stewart, who crossed the Rocky Mountains with a party, by permission of the United States' Government. He here inserted his own and some of his party's names, and proceeded on, where he discovered among the mountains a large lake, now called "Stewart's Lake." Colonel Fremont caused to be engraved on this rock the symbol of the Christian faith, a large cross. It now stands amidst the names of many who have long since found their way to the grave, and for whom this rock stands as a giant gravestone.

THE DEVIL'S GATE OR CANNON,

A short distance from Rock Independence, another of those places where the water has made its way through the points of its granite ridge.

SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND STEWART AND PARTY.

This view represents Sir William and party as mounted, starting early in the morning for their day's journey.

SWEET WATER VALLEY AND MOUNTAINS.

The lands here are fine and fertile, and are noted as being the last resort for buffalos on this side of the Rocky Mountains.

THE GREAT SOUTH PASS

Is three hundred and twenty miles from Fort Laramie. The ascent to this is so gradual as to be hardly perceptible to the traveller, and in no manner resembles the places to which the term applies. There is nothing of the gorge-like windings of the ascent of the Alleghany passes or the St. Bernard's. It is the point where

the great rail road will cross that is now being carried out to connect the Atlantic and Pacific shores. This spot is seven thousand feet above the level of the sea; and here the traveller suddenly finds himself on the waters of the Columbia and Colorado, the Missouri and Platte, two of which empty themselves into the Atlantic, and two into the Pacific Ocean.

WIND RIVER, OR ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The view is really magnificent, and the traveller and lover of nature is well paid for his tedious journey by a sight of those lofty peaks. The views are different from anything in the world; the peaks being much like sugar-loaves. The party suffered much fatigue and hardship in gaining the summit of the highest peak. During their ascent they met with no sign of animal life.

CENTRAL CHAIN ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

As neared, a magnificent view bursts in; the snow-capped mountains rise pile on pile, glowing in the bright light of day; while at the base lies a lake between two ridges of pine; banks of yellow sand and bright foliage contrast with gloomy forests.

FREMONT'S PEAK,

Supposed to be the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, its height being 13,750 feet above the sea. Colonel Fremont and party ascended, and with much danger and difficulty gained the summit. During their ascent they found three small lakes connecting with each other. During the night the peaks were lighted up by our fires, showing their massive heads in gigantic disorder. Savage sublimity of rocks contrasted with innumerable green spots of floral beauty, the whole presenting a scene of nature that can hardly be realised.

STANDING ROCK.

A rock standing like a watch-tower, supposed to have fallen from the huge cliff above. A party of Indians are here called the Root Diggers, who live principally on roots, acorns, &c. They have usually long beards, matted hair, are filthy and dirty, and the most degraded of the North American Indians.

BEAR RIVER.

The principal tributary to the Great Salt Lake. Colonel Fremont and party of five descending the stream in an India-rubber boat, which they bought expressly to explore as far as the Great Salt Lake. Here are found wild fowl, pelicans, &c. in abundance.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

One of the greatest curiosities in the world, and may be termed a perfect sea of salt, it being 98 deg. clear salt. Colonel Fremont, while floating down the Bear River, suddenly emerged into deep water, and noticed that it became very salt; he was now satisfied that he had reached the Great Salt Lake, and made his encampment for the night. Early the next morning, notwithstanding a heavy wind and storm were raging, he set out to visit a large island some three miles distant. As the spray washed over their frail boat, and struck upon their clothes, it immediately turned to salt; after much difficulty they succeeded in reaching the island, where the day was spent. Colonel Fremont here tried an experiment with the water of the lake; he took five gallons of water, which, roughly evaporated over a fire, yielded fourteen pints of very fine grained and very white salt, of which the whole lake may be regarded as a saturated solution.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE OR MORMON CITY.

Some few years since the Mormons were driven from Nauvoo in the State of Illinois. They sent out a party of seventy persons to explore and seek out a new asylum. The spot which is now the Great Salt Lake City was decided on, and is now fast growing in population and importance. The soil is very fertile, growing in abundance straw berries, raspberries, gooseberries, &c., and will yield with little or no cultivation fifty bushels of wheat to the acre. The Mormons are a very industrious class of people, and are now building a large temple; the city contains several hundred buildings, among which is a courthouse and several other public buildings. The mountains, six miles distant, are covered with large tracts of timber, and afford plenty of material for building. The city is situated nearly midway between Lake Utah and

Sedie 2

Great Salt Lake. During the last winter more than nine thousand emigrants waited here while on their way to California, being too late to cross the Snowy Mountains.

PARTY OF MORMON EMIGRANTS

Watering at noon day.

AMERICAN FALLS OF SNAKE RIVER,

Being next in grandeur to Niagara, and having a fall of over ninety feet.

SALMON RIVER,

Celebrated for the large quantity of fine salmon that is annually taken by the Indians. The three Buttes, composed of granite, standing alone, and rising in grandeur on the prairies, are seen on a pleasant day a distance of thirty or forty miles.

FORT WALLAH WALLAH,

Belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, a point of great interest to emigrants, as near this point the land route generally terminates, and they embark on rafts and boats, and float down the Columbia River. A party of emigrants embarking.

THE COLUMBIA RIVER

Is 750 miles in length, and being the only line of communication between the sea coast and interior, it is a very important stream. On some portions of it high winds prevail during most of the year, making it difficult to navigate.

DR. WHITEMAN'S PRESBYTERIAN MISSION,

One of the most southern of the station. The horrible massacre of Dr. Whiteman and family is yet rife in the minds of our readers, and strikes many with terror who think of emigrating to this far distant land. For some years Dr. Whiteman had been very successful in his attempts to enlighten the red men; but owing to some misunderstanding

the Indians in the spring of 1848 murdered in the most barbarous way Dr. Whiteman and his whole family. The old mission-house is still standing, and a number of Indians have settled around it, cultivating the land, and receive at the same spot Christian instruction on the Sabbath from one of their own band.

BIG TREE CREEK,

So called from the circumstance of the trees growing to an immense size, some being twelve or sixteen feet through, and one hundred feet high to the branch.

DALLES OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

Here the falls are compressed between basaltic rocks, and rise from sixty to seventy feet high. From here everything has to be carried round the falls on the backs of Indians, by a tribe called the Carriers, who live upon fish, worms, &c., and are a very dirty and filthy tribe.

UPPER METHODIST MISSION ON THE COLUMBIA.

The principal missionary station in Oregon. They have large tracts of land under cultivation, and plenty of stock.

CASCADES OF THE COLUMBIA,

One of the grandest sights of the kind on the continent. It has a fall of over seventy feet in a mile, with large rocks on its bed. The water rushes with great rapidity against these cascades, dashing to a great height, keeping the whole in a glorious confusion.

FORT VANCOUVER,

Belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, is situated on the north bank of the Columbia. In this neighbourhood there are a large number of flour and saw mills, and large tracts of land are cultivated.

MOUNT HOOD,

As seen from Fort Vancouver, rising high towards the heavens, and can easily be seen at 150 miles' distance; height, 14,000 feet above the sea.

WILLA METTA PLAINS,

Which for many miles present a most encouraging aspect to the cultivator of the soil, the depth and richness of which will stand comparison with the best in the United States. The Mormons have here also large settlements.

PYRAMID LAKE,

4,980 feet above the sea, from which rises a natural pyramid to the height of 600 feet. It is on the beginning of the California Range.

SIERRA NEVADA, OR SNOW CAPPED MOUNTAINS.

Col. Fremont's camp on an elevation of 9,338 feet above the sea. This proved to be the most disastrous point of Fremont's journey. Here the party had lost their way, and for several days were embedded in snows. Many of their cattle while climbing the icy cliffs were precipitated over the rocks, whilst others died from starvation. Of the party some were frozen to death, others lost their reason, from intense privation; while the few escaped by living on the raw flesh of their dead mules. Col. Fremont at this desperate point showed the utmost perseverance; climbing slowly over the four principal ridges, he at length found his way out, and having procured assistance, returned to relieve the remaining sufferers.

FINGER POST ROCK,

A curious projecting rock.

PLEASANT VALLEY,

Where the party emerged from the snow, and made a halt to recruit both men and beasts. While here, when digging for a mill the *first gold* was discovered, and at the present time near this point there are thousands seeking the precious metal.

AMERICAN RIVER,

Outlet to the plains, where gold is now found in abundance, but on account of the depth of water is not so much worked as on other streams.

JUNCTION OF THE FEATHER AND SACRAMENTO RIVERS,

The most celebrated washings yet discovered in Lower California.

PARTY OF EMIGRANTS

Preparing for work, surrounded unexpectedly by a party of Indians.

PLAINS OF THE UPPER SACRAMENTO

And Gold Mountains. The whole of the tract of land to the Bay of San Francisco is one prairie, called upper and lower; the lower is covered with water during the rainy season, and lately on different parts, as the waters have subsided, large quantities of gold have been washed from the mud and earth.

The prairies are now supposed to be on fire, and in the smoke we leave them, and go out to sea.

ENTRANCE TO THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

View taken by Captain Wilkes, four miles at sea.

LOFTY BARREN ROCKS,

Called *Table Hills*, 2,500 feet high, and a dangerous cliff to mariners.

POINT BONETA—GOLDEN GATE,

Being the entrance to San Francisco, and so called long before the discovery of the gold mines.

POINT LOBUS,

Celebrated for great variety and numbers of seals.

ENTRANCE TO THE INNER BAY,

And view of San Francisco.

MISSION OF SAN FRANCISCO,

Being one of the many Catholic missions, which are all formed on the same plan. It formerly had a tract of

fifteen square miles, all well cultivated. The buildings are all built of unburnt brick.

MISSION OF SAN JOSEPH,

Similar to the first.

PARTY OF NATIVES LASSOING BULLOCKS.

It is wonderful to see with what great dexterity the lasso is thrown. A lassoer will at full gallop throw a noose so as to catch the animal by the leg, when at full speed he is flying from the pursuer. The horse is taught to lean over the instant the animal is caught, and in this manner most of the cattle are taken both for work and food.

SAN BARBARY,

Situated on a fertile plain, was at one time rich in vineyards and olive groves, most of which have disappeared. This place is now fast improving in numbers and wealth.

SAN DIEGO,

One of the best harbours in California. It has more water and a more uniform climate than San Francisco, and perfect security from winds in any direction. Slavery in form of peonage exists here, which enables the master to get the services of the adult while in the prime of life, without the obligation of rearing him in infancy or supporting him in old age.

THE GOLD REGIONS.

JUNCTION OF THE GILA AND COLORADO RIVERS.

Near here, on the north side, are remains of an old Spanish church built in the seventeenth century. This mission was sacked by the Indians, and all the inhabitants murdered. It will no doubt yet be the seat of wealth and importance, as most of the product of vast mineral and fur regions must pass at this point. Gold

is here found in abundance, although the country is but little known.

PASS OF THE GILA.

Large quantities of gold are washed here, and among the ravines that throw their waters into the "Gila" thousands are now employed, and with great success accumulating wealth.

SADDLE BACK ROCK,

On the Gila, a red sandstone formation, supposed to have been the summit level of this part of the country. Various tribes of Indians inhabit this section of the Gila.

RUINS OF AZTIC,

Supposed ruins of a city before the time of Cortez, covering about seven miles in extent. The Indians know nothing beyond the name of Montezuma, which is as familiar to them as that of our Saviour is to us. These ruins are composed of unburnt masses. Large timbers are found in a perfect state of preservation, and also broken pottery of curious colours and workmanship.

THE UPPER GOLD MINES,

San Juan, at the head of a small stream near the mountains; they thus far have proved to all engaged the most profitable mines.

STANISTAN'S RIVER.

A party of Indians working for a Mexican company.

UBER RIVER, ABOVE THE SACRAMENTO.

Many of the mountains here are 3,000 feet high and nearly covered with a standard growth of pine and oak trees. Among the ravines of the mountains a large amount of gold is found, and in fact there is hardly a spot here but what gold can be procured with labour.

Concluding scene, Mrs. Fremont starting in search of her husband. After an absence of more than twelve months, without receiving any information from her husband, this heroic lady resolved to make a personal attempt to search for him. After making some hasty preparations she bid farewell to her friends, and accompanied only by a few friendly Indians commenced her long and tedious jour-

ney. Nor was she unsuccessful, for after crossing the prairies, and mountains, and plains of Panama she arrived in safety at the town of San Francisco. She here received information of his whereabouts, and in a short time had the pleasure of once more uniting with him for whom she had braved all dangers. They returned to their homes, and in relating over their trials how happy must they again be at enjoying the society of friends and relations who now surround them wherever they go.

From San Francisco to the Mines there are two routes, one by way of the Sacramento River, and the other up the San Joaquin to Stockton, 160 miles from the bay. This is a town now of considerable note, and contains many houses, and parties on their way to the mines daily strike their tents for a short stay. From this point it is sixty miles to the nearest gold washings. The mode of conveyance is very dear, and freight is also extremely high. On arriving at San Francisco a person should have at least from fifty to one hundred pounds to insure a quick passage to his point of destination.

OBTAINING GOLD.

The methods of obtaining gold are by a common tin pan or bowl and machines resembling cradles, but the simpler the contrivance the better. Many of the new inventions for washing are both useless and expensive.

THE BEST MEN FOR THE MINES

Are the hard working, industrious, and persevering. Too many go out with the idea of picking up gold as they would stones. This class soon get sick and tired, and return home, where they are much better off. There is no doubt about there being gold in abundance, but it requires at the same time hard and constant labour to procure. It is no place for an idle man, as no time can be lavished, for a man must work if he would live. Mechanics and labourers still command good wages, averaging from 35s. to 60s. per day. Living is high, and good in proportion. Law and order prevail, and in proportion much less crime is committed than in the Metropolis.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF

CALIFORNIA

AND

OREGON.

MOST persons, on hearing the name California, think of the long peninsula that stretches down the Pacific side of the American continent for a distance of seven hundred miles, and which has been pounded into their memory by being one of the geographical peninsulas of school-boy days. It is true that that strip of earth is a California, but not *the* California which has recently made so much noise in the world, and has been heard of wherever men love gold. This is an entirely distinct country, although touching the former on its southern extremity, and bearing the same name. They have always been distinguished, however, by the Spaniards and Mexicans (to whom they have belonged since their discovery) by the titles *Alta* and *Baja*, or Upper and Lower. The peninsula is the *Baja*; the Golden California is the *Alta*; and that is the subject of our sketch. Geographers will tell you that Alta California stretches from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, thus making it about a thousand miles wide.

That is not the fact. They might as justly say that Morocco extends from the Atlantic to the frontiers of Egypt. The vast desert country—a million of square miles in extent—between the *Snowy* and *Rocky* Mountains (two parallel ranges), and lying east of the true California, was neither geographically nor politically connected with the latter, and is not known in the language of the country under that name. It was never conquered

by either Spaniards or Mexicans—nay, not even explored, as it was generally as much as a Mexican's scalp was worth to show his face in that region. Military expeditions have entered it at different periods, and were always glad to get out again; and what little has been hitherto known, up to a late period, has been derived from the vague accounts of the adventurous trappers.

Alta California, then, is that part of the American continent that lies between 32° and 42° N.L. (700 miles), and between the Sierra Nevada (Snowy Range) and the Pacific Coast—a strip of 150 miles wide.

The Sierra Nevada, running parallel with the Pacific coast, forms its eastern boundary from north to south, and through this Sierra, with its peaks of snow, there are but three or four passes (and these desperate ones), leading to the desert region aforementioned. On its south it joins on to Lower California; on its north it blends into the territory called Oregon. It is about as big as Italy (100,000 square miles), and capable of yielding the same products.

To speak of its surface. The mountain ranges of the American continent trend, almost without exception, longitudinally—that is, from north to south. The Sierra Nevada, the great range of California, follows this general principle, forming, as we have said, the eastern boundary of the country. Their name implies their great altitude, as the Spaniards only call those mountains *Nevada* on which snow lies all the year; and mountains between 32° and 42° latitude must be elevated indeed to carry the “eternal snow.” These do, on numerous peaks, and many of them volcanic, active, and seventeen thousand feet high. Now another range of lesser elevation runs parallel to the Sierra Nevada, and of course also parallel to the coast. Like the Nevada, it can be traced from north to south of the country, though degenerating at several points into mere ridges or hills. It is called the *coast range* on account of its propinquity and parallelism to the coast of the Pacific, from which it is distant an average of thirty or forty miles, although one or two spurs from it impinge upon the shores. These are the only ranges worth noticing in a sketch so brief as this; and if the reader has noted their peculiar direction in relation to each other in relation to the Pacific coast, and in relation to the elongated form of the

country, he may form a tolerably clear idea of the *shape* of California.

I am thus particular in endeavouring to *fix* that idea, as these two ranges of mountains—particularly the Nevada—are the most important physical features of Upper California, and perhaps the most important in all western America; and I will state the reason of my opinion.

Between these two chains of mountains there is a country sixty miles wide and a hundred long. It is, therefore, as large as England. It is a territory of somewhat unique construction, unique in this particular: it is watered by two rivers. One rises in its southern extremity, the other in the northern. The former runs nearly due north—the latter as nearly due south; thus *flowing directly towards each other*. They meet half-way, and debouch by the same delta into the magnificent bay of San Francisco. These rivers are navigable, forming a continuous water line through this whole territory. They are called the Sacramento and San Joaquin,* and the territory itself is known by the name of the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, although it is only a single valley—a single geographical formation. These rivers receive numerous tributaries—bold dashing streams—from the Sierra Nevada, that generally run into them at right angles. The streams that run towards them from the coast range rarely reach these banks, as they are small and weak, and are lost in the sand about half way on their (apparently intended) race. The Sacramento and San Joaquin are the great rivers of California; and the valley which they water will form its future garden. It will be the home—and at no distant day—of a great nation: a nation that will rule the Pacific seas; whose ships will sail into the ports of India and China, and the Oriental Isles, and will snatch the pearly and golden commerce of these rich regions out of the hands of its own English and American ancestors.

Let any one study this who understands humanity and progress—let him study the physical character of California, and he will find that it possesses the capability to *grow* such a nation. A climate and soil unexcelled,

* Pronounced Wa-keen.

if equalled, by any other tract of like extent on the globe's surface. And if he considers the peculiar class of men who are founding that nation, he will be the more ready to admit the truthfulness of the above prophecy. Do not suppose, as you have it from silly scribes, that the fag end of humanity is collected in California. If the respectability of men is to be rated, as it usually is, by the amount of their property, these men would stand very fairly on the scale, as hitherto we have known no man who was an absolute pauper finding his way to California. To go as most of the adventurers have done, it requires a stiff little fund, such as only men *respectable* by the vulgar standard could scrape together. I believe that at the present moment (1850) there are as many educated gentlemen, and a greater amount of intellect, in the city of San Francisco, California, than can be found in any other community of equal size on the earth's surface. The very fact of their being there is a proof of energy and intellect, for

“ Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell ;”

and who will say that these enterprising spirits are not sowing the seeds of a great, of a wonderful nation ?

There is but one cause that can retard its growth or prevent its speedy development, and that cause now seems the principal element of its greatness. *It is gold.* If the fatal gambling passion of gold-mining masters and destroys the *agricultural mind* of California, the growth of this nation will be slow indeed. Gold is not the wealth of California,—it is not the wealth of any nation ; nor can it be, as it is not the wealth of the human race. It forms but a small, a very small, proportion of the *utile* of men, and its value is altogether fanciful ; not altogether, but nearly so. It could be done without—could the produce of the soil ? Hence the difference of the values between a gold country and a fine agricultural one. The produce of the latter is real—it is a necessity ; of the former it is fanciful—it is merely a luxury.

The real wealth of California does not rest in its gold mines, but on its great, almost unequalled, agricultural capacities.

The soil and climate of course varying in such a stretch of latitude, as well as in the different altitudes of different parts of the country, produce all the *cereal*

and fruits of both temperate and tropical regions. In the northern half of the country wheat, maize, oats, rye, barley, and the greatest variety of grasses can be grown, producing abundantly; while in the southern division these can all be cultivated on the elevated slopes of the mountains. In addition, the fruits and grains of the tropics arrive at great perfection in the gardens of the lower and warmer valleys. Cotton has lately been tried, and succeeds well. Tobacco grows of superior quality, and it is supposed that the marshy grounds along the great Tulares (Bulrush) Lake will yet form most extensive rice fields. Sugar can be produced to any quantity from the West India cane, which will flourish in the south; and the yam (sweet potato) has already been cultivated to some extent. The orange, fig, melon, date, and an endless variety of tropical fruits fill the gardens of the southern missions, and other settlements; and all travellers who have visited this country give their opinion that the grape can be nurtured on the sunny hill-sides of California of a quality inferior to that of no other country; wine will yet become one of its staple commodities. Wild mustard and oats cover the hills in many parts of the Sacramento Valley, often reaching up to the breast of the traveller's horse. Potatoes, beans, Chil  onions, &c., grow in all parts. In fact, the agricultural capacity of California is, as we have stated, equal or superior to that of any other country of equal extent. The numerous bold rivers pouring down from the slopes of the Sierra Nevada afford an infinite amount of the choicest water power, such as perhaps exists nowhere else; and from these the tables of rich land may be irrigated when rain falls. Magnificent timber for house building and other uses grows in almost every district.

One species, the *palo colorado* of the Californians, deserves especial notice. It is the largest timber known to exist on the earth, and is in reality a wonder even to those who have seen it after coming from the gigantic forests of the Mississippi Valley. It is a species of cypress, and grows to the enormous height of over two hundred feet. This is the average height: One specimen, on the bay of the Monterey, was measured by an officer in the United States' army, who states in his "official report" that it was *two hundred and seventy-five feet in height, and fifteen feet in diameter three feet above the base!* That

though this one was distinguished in greater girth, yet other surrounding trees were but little inferior in size, and still taller. Think of two hundred and seventy-five feet, when the tallest timber in the so-called gigantic forest of the Mississippi Valley rarely exceeds one hundred and fifty feet! Imagine the colossal grandeur of a forest of *palo colorado*! Up to the present time the agricultural resources of California have been completely neglected. The Spaniards were never masters of this art, and their Californian descendants love it still less. Raising cattle for their tallow and hides has been their principal employment hitherto; but in fact it is but a few years since any land was held by private individuals, as the missions owned the whole territory. From this cause only little spots around the mission establishments were brought under tillage, and these in the most primitive and ineffectual manner. The plough in use was the same as that employed in the time of Cortez, consisting simply of a forked stick! With the late influx of American settlers, the American ploughs and system of husbandry have been introduced, and a complete revolution is taking place in the agriculture of the country. The mineral resources of California, independent of its gold mines and *placers*, are inexhaustible. They have not yet been developed to any great extent. The reason of this is obvious; a law existed during Mexican rule that any one who discovered a mine upon another man's land, and the proprietor of the land did not work it, the discoverer might "denounce" the mine, and take possession of it, so long as he continued to work it. Hence the owners of land on which there existed valuable mineral ores took pains to conceal their existence; and it is supposed that there are many mines actually discovered by individuals that have not as yet been publicly known. Quicksilver, silver, lead, iron, and copper ores have been found. Coal has been discovered in two or three places; and saltpetre, muriate, and carbonate of soda and bitumen are abundant.

The weather in California is most delightful. In most parts it is rarely so cold as to congeal water, and snow seldom lies upon the ground. Of course we speak of the settled and less elevated portions of the country, as upon the mountain peaks of the Nevada the snow is eternal. The annual rains commence in November, and continue

until May. During this time, however, there are occasional intervals of dry, spring-like weather. There is usually not any rain from May to November, though rain sometimes falls in the month of August. Of course this statement must be taken as applying only to the general law over the country; but in a region so extended as regards latitude and altitude, many modifications might be made when referring to particular localities. The thermometer rarely rises above 80° , and is seldom seen lower than 50° . This again refers to the lower and settled portions of the country. Along the coast-strip the winds blow diurnally *from* the sea in summer, and *towards* the sea in winter. This peculiarity renders the temperature of this region cooler in summer and warmer in winter than that of the interior valleys. All travellers agree about the salubrity of the Californian climate, most of them ranking it before any other in the world. Many people are met with a hundred years old; and the red cheeks (unusual in the Hispano-Indian race) seen everywhere are beautiful symptoms of health. There is a purity and elasticity in the atmosphere that is perfectly exhilarating; and disease arising from climatal causes is almost entirely unknown.

The principal animals found in California are horses, cattle, and mules. With these the lovely plains are dotted, not less than a million of horned cattle forming the present stock of the country. As we have said, this has hitherto been the principal source of the Californians' wealth; and an annual exportation of one hundred and fifty thousand hides, and a proportionate amount of tallow. The furs of beaver and sea-otter have also been the source of a small revenue to the country. The horses and mules were mostly used at home, though considerable droves were annually taken to the more southern provinces of Mexico and the United States.

A Californian requires a large flock of horses connected with his establishment. For instance, when travelling, he will take with him ten or a dozen of these animals, under the charge of a *vaguero*. Those that are not under the saddle are set loose, and driven by the *vaguero* in front, at the rate of ten miles an hour. When the horses under the saddle become jaded, they are turned loose into the *caballada*, or drove, and the saddles are changed unto a fresh pair; and so on. Should any

of them "break down" completely, they are turned out of the drove and left by the roadside. The owner's brand is on them, and they are easily recovered afterwards. No one in California thinks of stealing a horse. Horse-flesh is cheap. In this way a Californian will travel one hundred miles between morning and night.

Beyond a doubt the Californians (with the exception of the Comanche Indians) are the finest horsemen in the world. They are trained to this from infancy, scarcely ever walking the distance of a mile.

The wild animals of California are elk, several species of deer, antelope, wild horses, and grizzly bears. These are all found in large numbers. Besides these are beaver, otter, wolves, foxes, *corgotes*, or prairie wolves, hares, squirrels, and many other varieties of small animals. The species of birds are not numerous in California; but the individuals of such species as are found exist in myriads. Vast flocks of geese, brant, and wild swans cover the bays along the coast, as well as the rivers and lakes of the interior. The geese and ducks seem to be a strange race, mottled in their plumage like our barn-yard fowls. Some of the islands in the bay of San Francisco are white with the *guano* of these birds, and boat loads of eggs are taken from them.

Bancroft Library

The population of California—we speak of it at a period immediately preceding the great *rush* of 1847—was eight thousand people of the Hispano-Mexican race; five thousand foreigners—being principally English seamen and American trappers and other adventurers, who, attracted by the fertile soil and lovely clime, had settled there; and some twelve thousand Indians, Christianised and half civilised by the missionaries—in all about twenty-five thousand. The wild, or as they were called, "Gentile" Indians, that live in the mountainous parts, form a considerable body, but no correct estimate can be made of their numbers.

The present population of California is fluctuating from day to day by the thousands that are pouring into it from all parts of the world in search of gold. Of course any estimate of the present number of inhabitants would be only a guess. The city of San Francisco, where the mass of them is collected, and which will hereafter continue the great *entrepôt* and metropolis of the country, is said to contain at this moment not less than

sixty thousand inhabitants. All through this sketch, in speaking of the Californians, we have had reference only to the Hispano-Mexican population, with their Indian serfs—the Christianised aborigines.

These (the Spanish inhabitants) are generally well made, with pleasing sprightly countenances, possessing much grace and ease of manners, and lively in their conversation. They have but little knowledge of books, and know nothing of the world except what they have learned from whalers and a few merchant vessels trading on their coast. The education introduced by the mission was altogether of a religious nature, and of course gave them but little information of anything beyond the mummeries of priestcraft. The women are generally good-looking, and amiable in their dispositions; performing all the drudgery of the house, garden, and farms, assisted by their Indian serfs. The men do little else than ride about, attend to their cattle, or amuse themselves in horse-racing and bull or bear-baiting. In the management of the horse we have said they have no superiors, and part of the horsemanship consists in the skilful throwing of the *riata* or *lariat*. It is a saying among them that “a Californian can throw this instrument with his foot better than a Mexican with his hand.” They are in fact brought up to it. A Californian child commences throwing his toy lasso over the head of a chicken or kitten—it is then flung at the dog or goat when he grows a little older; and so on, until he mounts the *mustang*, and flings it boldly at the horned bull. The great feat consists in lassoing the wild horse and grizzly bear—the latter often proving an ugly customer when caught.

The Californian cares but little for the pleasures of the table; but of other pleasures he is passionately fond. Gambling and dancing—the *monte* table and the *fandango*—form two great elements of his happiness. The history of California is not very varied in detail. The country (Upper California) was discovered by Cabrillo, a Spanish navigator, in 1548, the northern part of it was visited in 1578 by Sir Francis Drake, who named it New Albion.

For a period of over two centuries from its discovery it remained unconquered and uncolonised, although several unsuccessful attempts were made at both its con-

quest and occupation. It was at length brought under the subjection of Mexico by the missionaries, who formed their first mission at San Diego in 1768. Others were established from time to time until 1822, when there were in all twenty-seven of them, and the whole territory of the country was unequally parcelled out among them, the boundaries of one mission lands joining on to those of another. It will thus be seen that no private individual had any right on the soil, and the progress of the country was naturally confined to the mere increase and prosperity of the mission establishments. The *padres*, one of whom superintended each mission, had absolute control of all the affairs, both clerical and secular, and they superintended the weaving of cloths, the gathering of the harvest, the slaughtering of cattle, &c. There was another species of authority, however, in the country—the military. This existed for the protection of the missions from the attacks of wild or gentile Indians. The soldiery lived in a fortified building called the *Presidio*, usually about a league distant from the mission-house. They consisted of about a company of eighty dragoons, called *cuera*, and a detachment of artillery to each presidio, all under the command of a captain, who was, *ex-officio*, civil and military governor of the little settlements that in process of time formed around the garrisons. It will be seen from this state of things, there being no opportunity for private individuals to procure titles to land, that the white population of California consisted principally of people attached to, or discharged from, the military service, and afterwards settling around the presidios. This was the origin of the Upper Californian towns, most of which are on the sea coast. The revolution in Mexico changed the aspect of affairs. The new government of that country (now a republic) could not control the actions of the distant Californians, and revolutions arose, several times throwing off the Mexican authority. During these the missions were plundered and robbed. In one that occurred in 1836, most of the mission lands were partitioned out to private individuals, and the resources of the country began to be more fully developed. Numbers of foreigners, English and American sailors, and trappers began to settle in the country, now being able to procure grants of land; and at the breaking out of the war between Mexico and the United

States, these adventurers had grown strong enough to take the country into their own hands, which they would most certainly have done, had it not fallen into the possession of the United States, to which power it now belongs. It will henceforth become an interesting portion of the earth's surface.

Of Oregon we can say but little in a sketch like the present. This country, that a few years ago attracted so much attention on account of a dispute between two great governments in relation to its northern boundary, has lately been eclipsed in interest by its southern neighbour, California, and almost forgotten. At the breaking out of the gold fever, however, Oregon was attracting many settlers from the United States, a great portion of whom have since abandoned their original plan, and gone southward to the El Dorado. Notwithstanding all this the substantial agricultural resources that are to be found in many parts of Oregon will enable her at no distant day to hold a position not very far in the wake of her more dazzling neighbour. Oregon covers about seven degrees of latitude, extending from the forty-two degrees where it blends into California, to forty-nine degrees, where it is bounded by the British possessions. It runs through fourteen degrees of longitude from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean.

Its principal physical features are the great Columbia River and the great Cascade range of mountains. The latter is simply a continuation of the Sierra Nevada of California, and splits Oregon into two parts,—that which lies between the range and the ocean being a strip of 200 miles wide, similar to California, though less fertile and valuable. These mountains throughout their whole range rise into vast peaks, crowned with eternal snow; and only passable at a few points. One of these passes is near their middle in the territory, where the great Columbia has forced its way through a vast gap. This point is known as "The Cascades," and hence the name of the range itself. The Columbia River has long been celebrated. It is formed by two great streams, respectively known as Lewis's Fork and Clark's, whose head-waters are nearly five hundred miles apart, and in the Rocky Mountains. After running by very crooked courses, watering both the northern and southern divisions of the territory, they meet almost exactly in its centre.

Hence, under the name of the Columbia, these waters hold a course nearly due west, dashing through the Cascade range, and on to the Pacific Ocean. There are many other rivers, but these three are the principal and best known. There are also a great many large lakes in Oregon, and vast forests that have been only partially explored. More than half of its surface, however, is a complete desert, corresponding to the same description of country lying east of the Sierra Nevada range in California. Large tracts of this desert land lie along the whole course of Lewis River, which is the southern fork of the Columbia, and is of no value whatever in an agricultural point of view. Notwithstanding, Oregon contains plenty of good land, enough to sustain the millions of industrious people who will ere long be found within its boundaries.

The produce of Oregon will approximate nearer to that of England and the Northern States of America. Barley, wheat, oats, rye, flax, potatoes, and Indian corn may be produced in abundance, and all the varieties of fruit and vegetables peculiar to the temperate zone. In many parts there is fine pasturage for stock, and this will be one of its sources of wealth. But Oregon may be viewed in another light. Where the Columbia passes the mountains, there is the finest water power perhaps in the world—that is, the finest in relation to the means of approaching it. A thousand mills will one day “clack” under these cascades, almost drowning the noise of the waters; and these perhaps will send their cloths and their cutlery over the whole Pacific Ocean.

Oregon can hardly be said to have any history. Its southern part was visited by the Spaniards as early as 1543. Its coast was afterwards explored by Vancouver and others, and its interior by an American expedition under Lewis and Clark. Until within a few years back it was a mere unknown wilderness, not politically connected with any government, and hardly attracting sufficient notice to be claimed by any one. It has, however, for a long period been the scene of a large trade in furs, carried on by the Hudson’s Bay Company, the American Fur Company, and also the Russians. The first of these, however, by their superior wealth—which enabled them to overbuy and undersell the others—at length ousted their competitors; and until within the last year or two

the control of the trade has been altogether in their hands. They have managed it with exceeding skill, realising large profits. Fort Vancouver, their *entrepôt* and *depôt* of provisions, clothing, articles of Indian trade, as well as the temporary storehouse of their furs, is upon the Columbia, some distance below the cascades; but there are many other large forts, supplied from this one, scattered all over the territory. Besides these there are smaller establishments called "trading ports," placed at convenient points for intercourse with the Indians.

Astoria, the former head-quarters of the American Fur Company, at the mouth of the Columbia, and celebrated by the pen of Washington Irving, is now in ruins, showing the result of unsuccessful competition.

As the American government is now about establishing its authority over the country, and the tide of American emigration is setting in, it remains to be seen how the Hudson's Bay Company will be affected by the change.

Not much need be said of the population of Oregon. The Indians consist of a great many tribes; most of them, however, have approximations to the Chinook or Flathead races. They are in general far inferior beings to the noble savages that peopled the great forest on the eastern division of the continent. At this time an effort is being made by different missionary societies to Christianise them; and missions have been established at various points, though it does not seem that these missionaries look so much to the spiritual wants of the Indians as to the comfort and building up of their own personal establishments. Their *modus operandi* is somewhat similar to that practised by the Spanish *padres* at an earlier day in California. Some of them have already collected around them considerable bodies of the natives, whom, having reduced to a sort of serfdom through the taming influence of the Divine Spirit, they use for cultivating large tracts of lands, and raising numerous herds of cattle. This is perhaps well enough; at least, it has been of decided advantage to the moral and physical condition of the miserable Chinooks.

The white population of Oregon consists of the *attachés*, trappers, and traders of the Hudson's Bay Company—the independent trappers and squatters—the emigrant settlers lately entered from the United States—and a detachment of American troops, forming the garri-

son of the country; but as the country is progressive, its population is every day increasing in numbers. It is now governed by the United States, under the usual form and cognomen of a territorial government.

Letter from D. A. HALL, Esq., of Washington City, to his Excellency Abbott Lawrence, Minister Plenipotentiary for the United States' Government, to the Court of St. James.

Washington, 21st December, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to make you acquainted with J. Skirving, Esq., a gentleman long resident of this city, who is about to visit the fatherland, carrying with him a work which is highly illustrative of an interesting portion of our Western country. It is a panoramic view of scenes presented at various points on the way from Missouri to Oregon and California, crossing the Rocky Mountains, and has been greatly admired by all who have seen it, and especially by gentlemen in Boston who are well qualified to judge of works of art.

It is the purpose of Mr. S. to exhibit it in London; and as it has relation to a portion of our country which at the present time has an interest not for our own people only, but for all the world, it may be very proper that the evidence of the authenticity of its scenes should first be presented to our American Minister before they are obtruded on the British public. You will see by numerous letters that Mr. S. comes with no false or simulated representations of these places which are now attracting so much public attention.

I am, with great respect,

Your obedient Servant,

D. A. HALL.

Boston, Oct. 31st, 1849.

Hon. Abbott Lawrence, American Minister to the Court of St. James.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to take the liberty of introducing to you Mr. J. Skirving, of Washington, who intends exhibiting in England a Panorama of Fremont's Overland Journey to Oregon and California, across the Rocky Mountains.

As a work of art, this Panorama is by far the best one I have ever seen; and I take pleasure in recommending it to your kind attention.

With the highest respect,

Your obedient Servant,

GODFREY N. FRANKENSTEIN.

To the Hon. John P. Bigelow, Mayor of the City of
Boston, U. S. A.

Boston, Nov. 9th, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—I have examined with great pleasure several exhibitions of Mr. J. Skirving's Panorama of Fremont's Overland Journey to the Rocky Mountains, Oregon, and California, and am satisfied it is one of the best paintings of the kind ever exhibited in the city of Boston; and it is the opinion of all I have heard speak of its merits as decidedly a work of art. As to its accuracy, Joseph Drayton, Esq., the artist attached to Col. Fremont's and Capt. Wilkes's expedition, and who has the superintendence of the work now getting up by the U. S. Government, stated to me that he was ordered by Capt. Wilkes to furnish Mr. S. with any of the original sketches, and that he did so, and that the paintings in the Panorama are faithful copies of the originals.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient Servant,

ISAAC CARY.

To His Excellency Abbott Laurence, Minister to the
Court of St. James.

DEAR SIR,—The Panorama referred to in the above letter of my friend, Hon. Isaac Cary, has elicited the encomiums of many gentlemen of taste and judgment in this city, and is considered as a vivid and correct representation of the scenes which it assumes to represent.

Respectfully yours, &c., &c.,

JOHN P. BIGELOW,

Mayor of the City of Boston.

Boston, November 9th, 1849.

